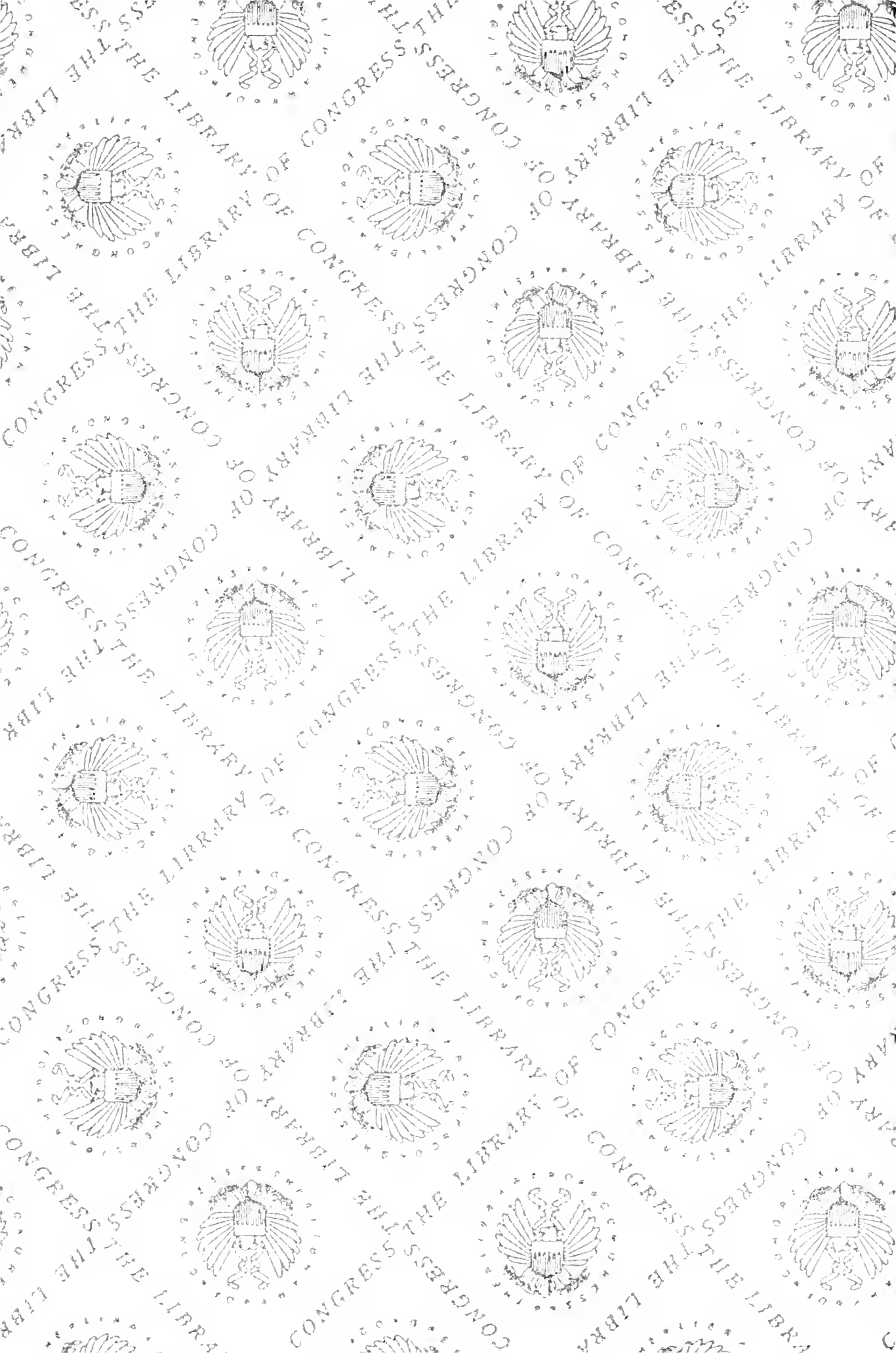
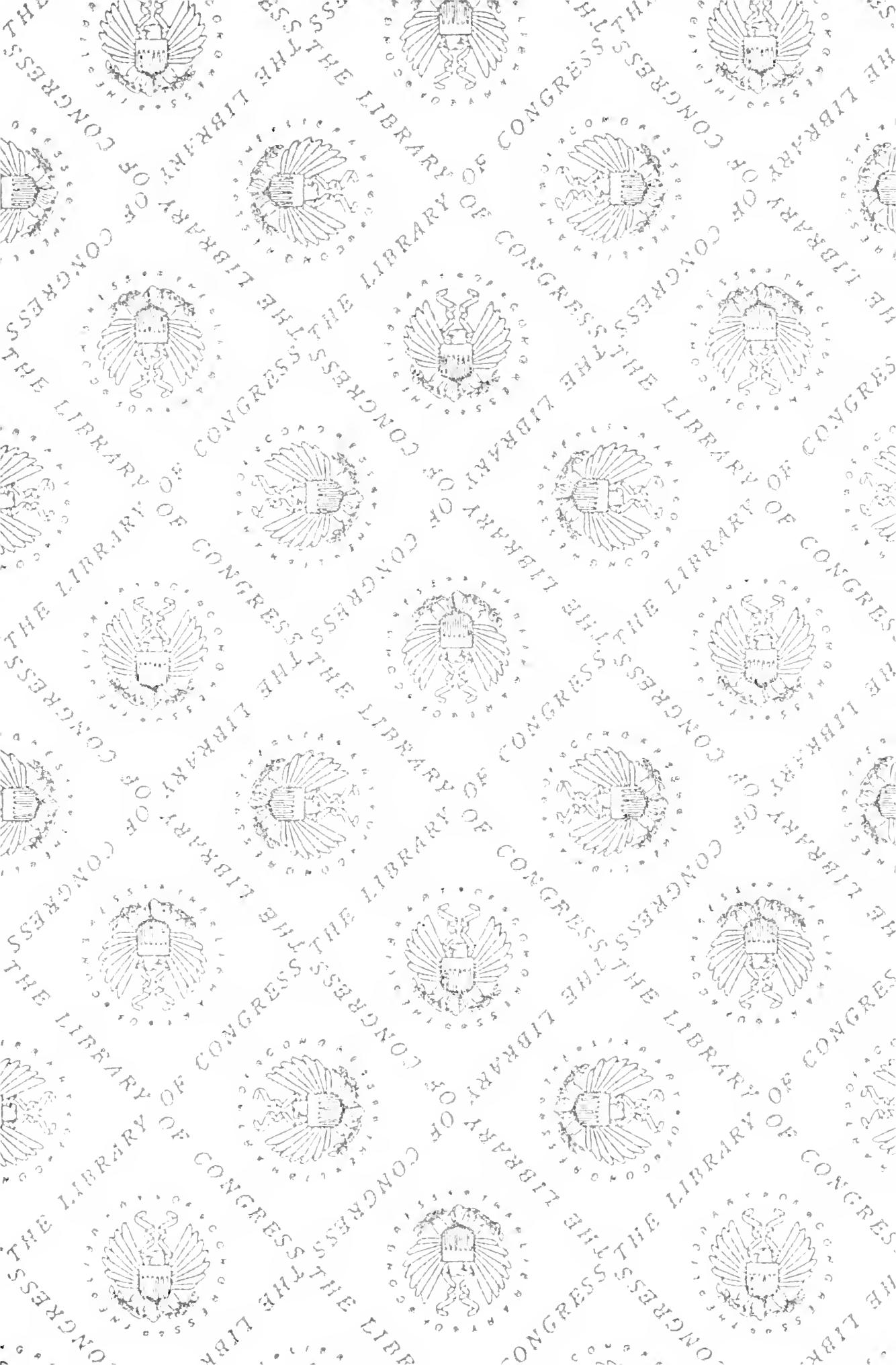


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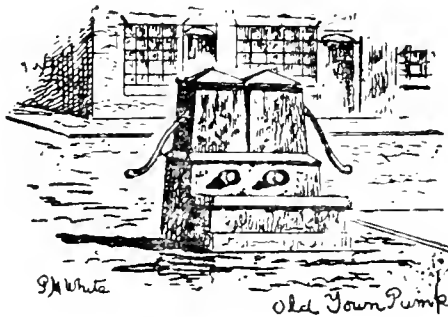
No. 5

FRED A. GANNON

The Town Cryer

The Wizard of Electricity of 1771

Prices of the Gay Nineties
and Miscellany



THE OLD TOWN PUMP

Printed by Newcomb & Gauss Co.
in City Hall Square, Salem, Mass.
for the
Salem Books Co., M. F. McGrath, President

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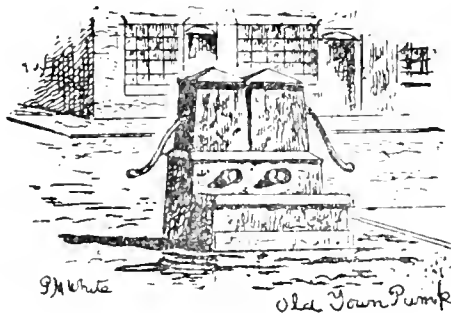
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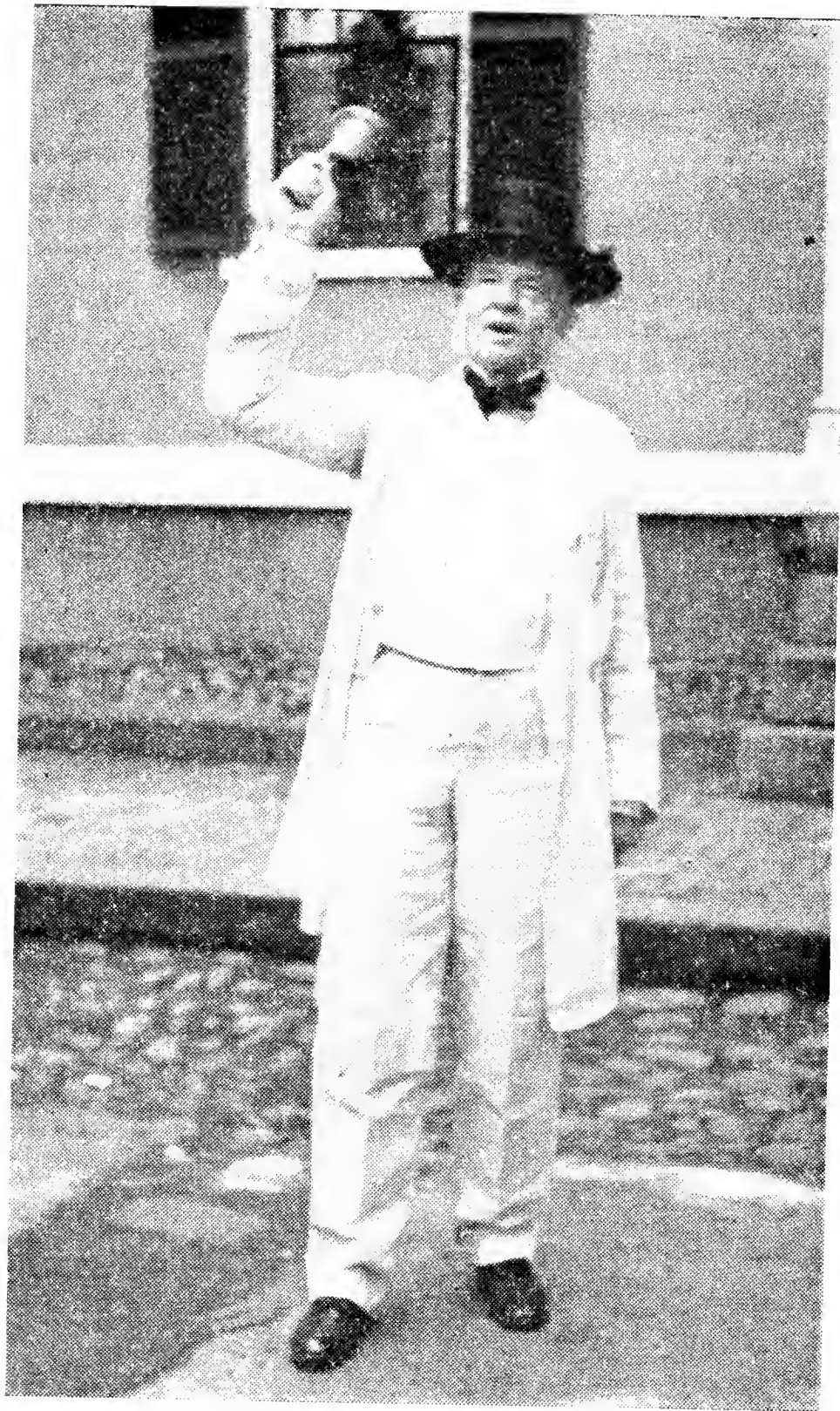
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THE OLD TOWN PUMP

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“It is ordered that hee who is to cry things lost shall keepe a booke wherein he shall write down faithfully all such things with the marks, the parties named, and the days of crying it, for which he shall have 2 pence.

“Hee is to cry at 3 severall times, and this order is to be observed in every towne.”

General Court of Massachusetts 1642.

“HEAR YE! HEAR YE!”

“The Town Cryer” has news to tell. The proclaimer of information to the populace—the successor to the king’s herald.

Of office as old as Bible days, so some say, and now succeeded by the voice of the radio.

Dr. Bentley spelled it “Cryer,” and he was school teacher, as well as minister, and knew languages 20. Yet moderns spell it “crier.”

In his diary Bentley told of some of the duties of “The Town Cryer.”

He walked about, ringing his bell, and shouting the news that a ship was that day to be launched, that Dr. Waterhouse was to speak in the evening and that the “theatrical mimies” were coming to town.

But what did Dr. Bentley mean by the line—"The cryer in the street at sun down is not a good sign."

"Billy" Gray, merchant and ship owner, hired the Cryer to walk along the waterfront, and shout to seamen that if they wished to be vaccinated, for the prevention of small pox, they had but to go to the doctor, and charge the medical service to "Billy" Gray.

In later years, the Cryer went about, ringing his bell and shouting "Child Lost," or informing that a house, a horse or a cow was to be sold at auction, or that bargains were to be had in the stores.

The office of "Town Cryer" was sought as a post of distinction, which may be according to human nature, for a lot of folks like to tell the news to the listening world.

Who appointed "The Town Cryer"? Who paid him? Or was the honor of the office sufficient compensation? Answers to these questions might be useful to students of municipal government.

A picturesque person was "The Old Town Cryer." But, like the stage driver, also picturesque, the "Cryer" is fading into the past, beyond memory's recall, excepting for the purpose of pageantry.

THE WIZARD OF 1771

“So you never heard of Col. David Mason and his sparks and rods,” said The Spark Plug to The Electrical club.

The members shook their heads, and The Plug went on saying—

“The Colonel experimented with electricity in 1771, and some folks called him a wizard, meaning an agent of Satan, while the cautious kept their distance from his sparks and rods.

“The Indians also called him a wizard, and planned to do away with him when they took him prisoner in the French and Indian wars.

“He lighted a pipe with a pocket lens for a brave who had no match. The red men had never seen that wonder, and so they said Mason must be a wizard. But he escaped before they ended his mortal career.

“Gen. Washington called Mason a master of military science, and asked him to command the Artillery of the Continental Army. The Colonel said he was too old for the task.

“However, he joined the Minute Men in turning back Col. Leslie’s troops at North bridge, which was the first armed resistance to British authority in the Revolutionary War.

“The band played ‘The World’s Turned Upside Down’ as the King’s soldiers marched away. Other things than government were also turning upside down, and Mason was doing some of the turning.

“He advertised, in the Essex Gazette, in 1771 that he would demonstrate the power of electricity. Perhaps it was the first advertisement electrical. I’ll read it to you—

“No longer than next week will be exhibited, every evening in which the air is dry (Saturday and Sunday excepted)—

A Course of Experiments in that Instructive and Entertaining Branch of Natural Philosophy which is called ELECTRICITY—

“To be accompanied with Methodical Lectures of the Nature and Properties of that Wonderful Element.

“By David Mason, at his dwelling-house near the North bridge. The Course to consist of two lectures at a Pistareen a Lecture.

“As the Knowledge of Nature tends to enlarge the Human Mind, and give us more noble, more grand and exalted ideas of The Author of Nature, and if well pursued seldom fails of producing something useful to Mankind. ’T is hoped these Lectures may be thought worth of Regard and Encouragement.”

David Mason

The Club thanked The Spark Plug, and the Chief Generator said:—

“It surely looks as if Col. David Mason pioneered in the building up of this great nation.”

OLD WEATHER

“The weather was old here, when Roger Conant arrived in 1626.

“The Indians said it was old with them.

“It was old when Adam and Eve left Eden to dig and delve for themselves.

“Some grumble about the weather. Others take sun and storm as each comes.

“A few keep records of heat and humidity ordinary—

“One—(that’s me) collects notes of old weather extraordinary.”

The lines are from the scrap book of a whimsical scribe of the methodical nineties. Here are a few of its items:—

From the Records:

THE SHIP FROZE

“This day the coldest in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. A small vessel sailed from Salem for Boston. A mile or so out, she began to make ice. A signal of distress was raised. A life boat took off the crew. The ship continued to freeze, and soon sunk under its weight of ice.”

Salem weather record for Feb. 15, 1732.

THE INDIANS CLIMBED TREES

“A fearful storm on Aug. 16, 1635. None living in these parts, either English or Indian, had ever seen the like. It caused the sea to swell.

“In some places the sea rose 20 feet right up, and caused many of the Indians to climb trees for safety.”

Colonial Journal.

THE TIDE TURNED BACK

“The wind turned east Dec. 3, 1842, and blew with such strength that the incoming tide was pushed three feet higher than usual, and it hadn’t ebbed much more than a foot when the wind, gathering new strength, pushed it back two feet above high water mark.

“It was the biggest wind storm since 1635, when there was also a double tide, and it did vast damage along shore.”

The keeper of the records added the observation—

“There’s no stopping of the wind when it starts to blow.”

THE BIG QUAKES

“Soon after the sun went down, on Jan. 26, houses began to shake, and a few evenings later there was such a shaking that folks were thrown to the floor, and chimneys toppled over and bells rang in steeples. Before summer came 30 earthquakes were counted, some as if the earth was undulating, like waves of the ocean.” 1663.

To the record, the old gentleman added—“Legend has it that church pews were full up during the earthquake season, and for some time afterwards.

LOW PRICES—GAY NINETIES

“Food was cheap. That’s why the nineties were gay.”

So said The Old Shopper as she unravelled memory’s skein, and went on to tell—

“When I started to keep house, as a bride, if you please, I made big loaves of bread. The flour cost \$5 a barrel, and butter cost 22 cents a pound—a five pound box of the best for \$1, and cooking butter for 18 cents.

“When I went to the bake shop, I got a pound loaf of bread for five cents, a dozen doughnuts for ten cents and a pie for 20 cents.

“As for jam, if one liked it with hot biscuits, or, for filling a cake pie, a glass jar of it cost a nickel—and I recollect buying a five pound bucket of strawberry jam at Bennett Bros. for 25 cents.

“Food was so cheap, when I started housekeeping that the young people won’t believe it when I tell them what prices we paid.

“At David Whelton’s market we got corned beef at three cents a pound, and potatoes at 75 cents a bushel. The makings of a big boiled dinner cost about \$1.

“Eggs of the best were high at 22 cents a dozen. Cooking eggs cost 18 cents and were cheaper on bar-

gain days. Hams, to bake, boil or fry, at ten cents a pound, and corned shoulders cheaper.

“For heavy cream we paid 15 cents a jar, and kept the jar. A pound box of Saturday chocolate at 20 cents, and a gallon can of Vermont maple syrup for \$1.

“At Thanksgiving time, one went to market with a basket and brought home a big turkey, and all that goes with it, including dates and figs, raisins and nuts and oranges and candy and came home with change left from a \$5 bill.

“Now I’ve told you about the low prices that made the nineties gay, and it’s time you told me why prices are so high today.

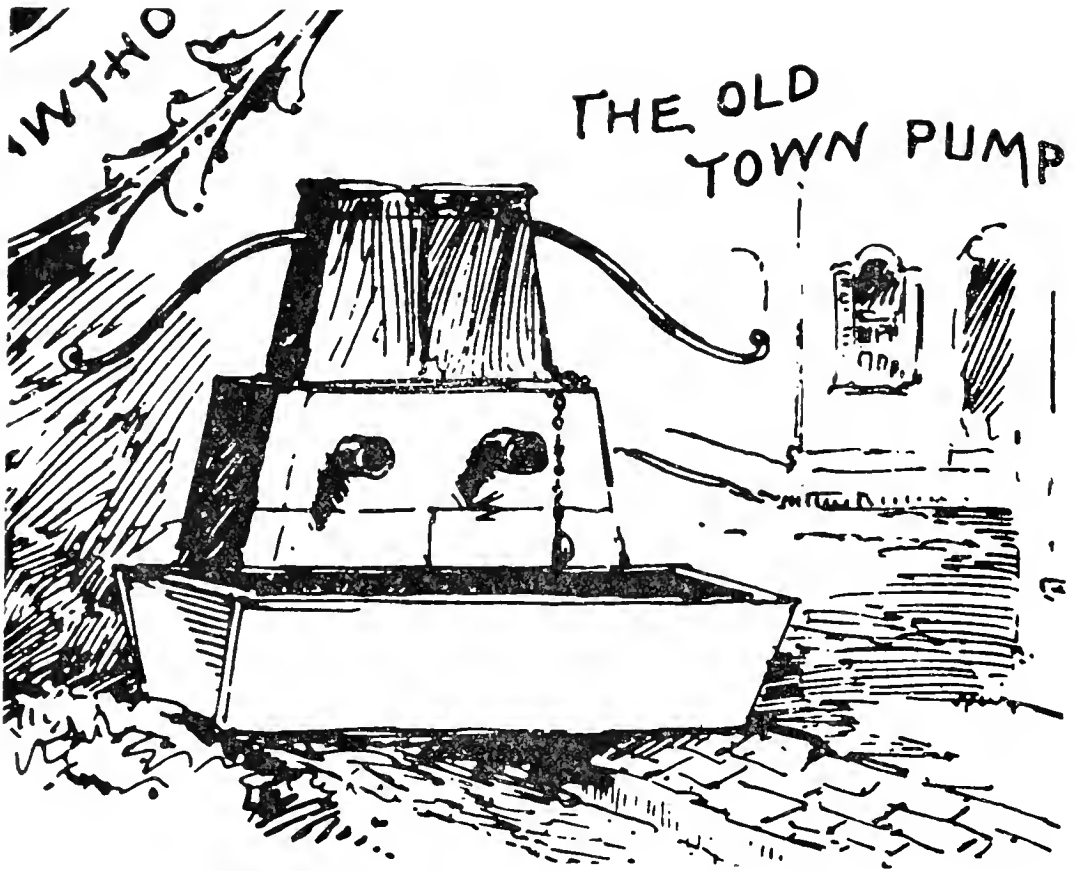
“Keep in mind, young man, that I’m quoting you war time prices. The Spanish American war started the year I began to keep house.”



THE OLD TOWN PUMP

A drawing, by George Elmer Browne, from The Essex Institute collections.

An iron dipper, chained to the pump, was a common drinking cup for men, women and children.



Horses drank from the trough before the pump. So did oxen, cows and dogs. A hitching post, for horses, is beside the pump.

The pump, an improved model of a century ago, probably corresponded for its mechanics to the pump on the hand tubs of the volunteer fire companies. The street before the pump is paved with blocks of granite.

TOWN PUMPS

A block of granite, with an H upon it, marks the site of "The Town Pump in Town House square."

Automobiles now roll over it, and steam cars under it. When Salem tunnel was dug, the well of "The Pump" dried up. The price of progress?

Indians drank from the spring which fed "The Pump." So did the forefathers—and the Mr. Higginson, minister of the First Church, baptized children in its crystal clear water.

Forty and more town pumps once were on street corners of old Salem,—and some now alive recollect drinking from the iron dippers which were chained to each pump.

Housekeepers went to the pump for a bucket of water like Rebecca went to the village well in Bible times.

Firemen filled their leather buckets from the pump and douse the water on the fire fiend.

As late as the gay nineties, the elephants of Barnum's circus drank from town pumps, and so did horses, and oxen and cows and dogs for a century and more.

The tax payers paid for the pumps. It wasn't much. "As free as water" was a common saying.

Now Wenham lake is steamed pumped into Salem, at a pressure of 65 pounds, and the house pays for it at the rate of \$10 per annum, and uses each day about as many gallons as were in the well of a town pump.

The H on the granite block of Town House Square is for Hathorne who wrote a story of "The Town Pump." The Pump, and Hathorne who told about are remembered. But who built "The Pump"?

LADIES ON WHEELS

“The Bicycle Belle” was a topic of the wheeling nineties. Some called her “The Bloomer Girl.”



Of her, millions of words were spoken, or written, and some new words, or phrases, were coined to fit the argument.

“The new woman,” exclaimed the progressives.
“A peril to the nation,” declared the conservatives.

“A boon to business” said the textile makers, noting the yards and yards of fabric in the costume.

“Ride with caution, and not so far as to bring on exhaustion” advised the physicians.

Old Father Time, in plodding steadily along, soon removed “The Bicycle Belle” from the passing show, and brought on her daughter, the lady at the wheel of the automobile,—and now the Feminine Flyer.

THE MINISTER’S GOUT

“Able to take my walk today as usual, after a fortnight’s absence from lameness which I am willing to consider a sprain but which, my friends are willing to comfort me, is the first touch of the Gout.

“Time must explain. No ancestor had the Gout since the family first arrived in America. How shameful must I deem it to introduce such a calamity.”

So Dr. Bentley wrote in his diary in 1803. He liked to eat.

“The corpus weighs 210 pounds.” That’s another note in his diary.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN OLD SALEM

Back in the gay nineties, young folks "had their tin types took" when they went on a picnic. "6 for 25 cents, and made while you wait," said the picture taker.



The elders, more sedate, went to the photographic gallery and "sat for their portraits." A dozen pictures, cabinet size, for \$2.50, and, sometimes, a crayon enlargement for a premium.

Now who knows when, where or how the candid camera will "take a shot" at the countenance?

Or in what newspaper the picture will appear?

"The Family Album," the pictorial record of the ancestral tree, was viewed on Sunday afternoons.

When a youngster laughed at a big long beard, or a coal scuttle bonnet, he was reproved with the remark—"Wait until you grow up and hear the children laugh at a picture of you in a golf suit."

On stormy days, boys and girls, staying home from school, looked at the stereopticon views, each adjusting the lenses to the focus best for his eyes.

Now young folks go to the movies,—and so do the elders.

What a commotion in old Salem in 1923 when camera men took moving pictures of "Java Head." The old captain, who saw the pictures, said—"The moving pictures revive history."

Salem young people, of the nineties, bought at the drug store a box camera for \$2 and a roll of film for 25 cents, and took them on summer vacation down on the farm. Board \$5 a week.

Now a movie camera is bought for \$200 and is carried in the automobile, perhaps for a journey across the continent. Later, the pictures are shown in the parlor, or at the club.

Photography has progressed. But it continues that the critic remarks—"It ain't a speaking likeness."

Now, the new wonder of television is here, and we don't have to go places to see things.

OLD SALEM QUOTATIONS

Most folks like to speak, or write, the line that's apt—and so a few quotations that were current in the nineties—

“The great world goes spinning down the ringing grooves of change.”

Hon. John D. H. Gauss oft quoted in speech and editorial.

“Wisely, and slowly, go; he who runs sometimes stumbles.” That's from a diary—it's keeper three score.

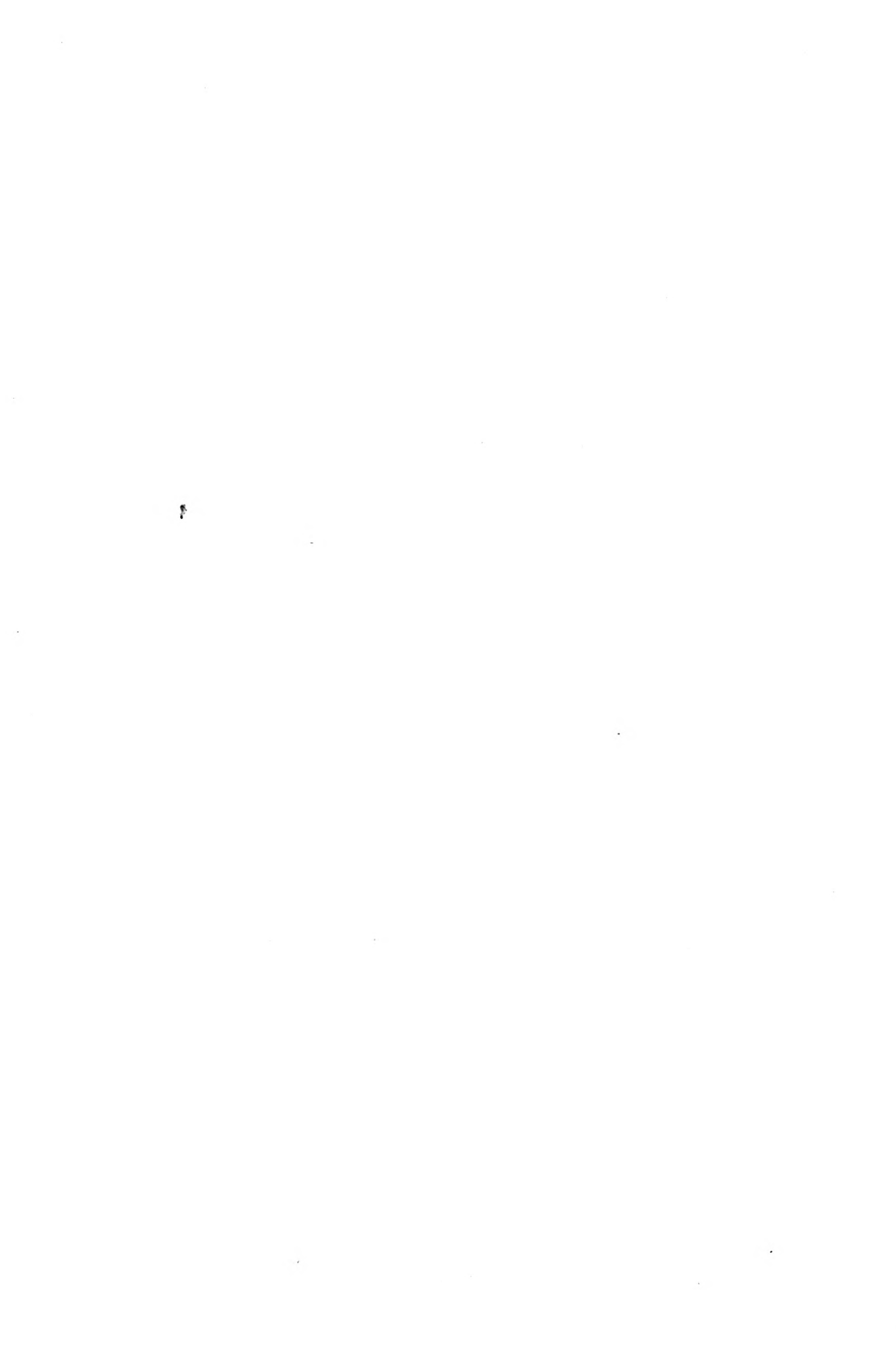
“It's nature that each man should have his pleasure,

“And of it mere out his own measure.”

So the old timer said, recalling a lesson of school days, as he started on a fishing trip.

“The Town Cryer” (Frank Fabens) in the Chestnut street pageant of 1947. The suit of white was worn in the centennial year of 1876. The hat of earlier years. The bell from the Y.M.C.A. A Chestnut street house, and sidewalk of red bricks, in the background.

The photograph by Charles Philbrick.



OLD SALEM SCRAP BOOK

No. 6

FRED A. GANNON

The Start of The City

The Good Old Ways

Records Electrical

John Bertram, Merchant

The Barge Ride



"Give me, of books, the mental cheer."

Printed by Newcomb & Gauss Co.

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THE START OF THE CITY

Would you like to read of government, a topic that is now in the minds of most of us?

If so, here's a short story of the start of the city of Salem, of which Hon. Leverett Saltonstall was elected the first mayor in the year of 1836.



HON. LEVERETT SALTONSTALL

The public voice, soon after 1800, began to speak of changing old Salem from town to city, and for 30 years and six more citizens talked over the project, having the glorious right to free expression of opinion. At long last, they made up their minds, and, in

a free election cast their ballots and voted that Salem should become a city.

Saltonstall was among the leaders in this new experiment in government, and he was elected mayor, the chief magistrate, entrusted with powers to organize and administer the affairs of the new city—the second in the Commonwealth, Boston being the first.

Saltonstall, and his council, prepared a city charter, and next drew ordinances, or rules and regulations for the business and conduct of the city, and these all were approved by the citizens.

Saltonstall did his work well, and the voters sent him to Congress, to work on the management of the nation, and the city continues to this day, and in the main according to the Saltonstall plan.

Others, before Saltonstall, experimented with government in Salem, and so doing, opened the way to start a city. Roger Conant came over as first settler in 1626, and with him brought English government, and precedents. He lived among the Indians, who were governed by their sachems, or chiefs and wise men.

Next came John Endicott, in 1628, to manage the settlement, which he did in a practical and patriotic way. He started and prompted industry and trade,

and, of greater value, he called town meetings, in which men cast their ballots, and he started public schools to teach youths to be good citizens.



HON. JOHN ENDICOTT, GOVERNOR

Of the start of the city, its origin, and its courses, more another day. The times call for deep and serious study of American government, also liberties, rights and duties, do they not?

“THE GOOD OLD WAYS”

As Told By “The Tailor”

Oh, for the good old ways of the good old days—
The gay nineties when all good people took time to
live—They got up in time to pry up the sun; and
some of them told the rising generation that Ben
Franklin said—

“Early to bed and early to rise makes a man
healthy, wealthy and wise.”

Each evening at nine, curfew was sounded, by the
big bell in old North Church tower—

And honest people slept sound through the quiet
night.

Now, how many burn the candle at both ends,
and sooner or later flock to the physician, or to the
rest cure?

Living was comfortable back in the gay nineties,
and contentment was common.

Five cents bought a loaf of bread, or a piece of
apple pie.

\$5 paid for a ton of coal, a suit of clothes, or a
week's vacation on a farm—\$20 paid the taxes on a
cottage— a city tax, and no taxes on income, gas, or
pay envelope.

Men and women didn't have to work 60 days per
annum for the tax man, state and federal.

Living was as serene as could be in the gay nineties, and sensible people took their time about it and strived to get along in a neighborly way.

Few, if any, were in a hurry to grow old and retire, rather did they wish to keep on jogging along in the good old way. Of modern methods the rising generation may do its bit of bragging. But it never knew the comfort and contentment of the life in the gay nineties.

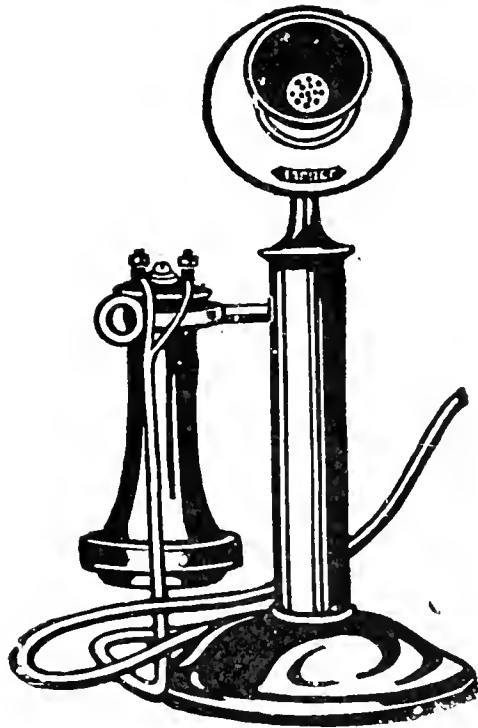
So ends the story of "The Tailor," who took the measure of men, and made clothes for them in the comfortable years of the gay nineties.

WALTER GIFFORD AND THE TELEPHONE

In the happy nineties, Walter Gifford went to the Bowditch school. In vacation time, he worked in Gifford's lumber mill nearby.

He sometimes spoke with friends in Salem over the telephone on the office wall, a piece of furniture mostly of wood, and large enough for a battery box. He turned a crank on the side of the instrument to call "Central." Later, Mr. Gifford spoke to friends in Ames' hall, of the Y.M.C.A. building, and told them that when Bell spoke in to the telephone, and his voice was heard in the next room, Bell thought it a great wonder.

Yet later, Mr. Gifford spoke in to a telephone in New York, and his voice went around the world and came back to him—and that was another great wonder. He was then president of the American Telephone & Telegraph Co.



The tablet of bronze, on the Y.M.C.A. building in Salem tells of Bell and the telephone. The Y.M.C.A. stands on the site of the Sanders house. The Sanders family had its part in Bell's experiments. But that story of Sanders and the telephone is for some later hour.

MR. BENSON'S ELECTRIC BUGGY

Of other ways, and other things, of the gay nineties, we'll tell a little. The reading may bring a story or two to memory's fond recollection, if an elder you be.

First, a mention of the electric runabout which Henry P. Benson bought in Boston, in it rode to Salem in the year of 1898.

The neighbors saw it coming, and one among them exclaimed—"So carriages without horses go. Mother Shipton's prophecy has at last come true."

In the year of 1949, Mr. Benson took his pen in hand and wrote a story about his 50 years of auto driving, and then he bought another car.

The Essex Institute printed Mr. Benson's story in its Bulletin for the edification of the rising generation who may like to know about the pioneers of the horseless carriage age.

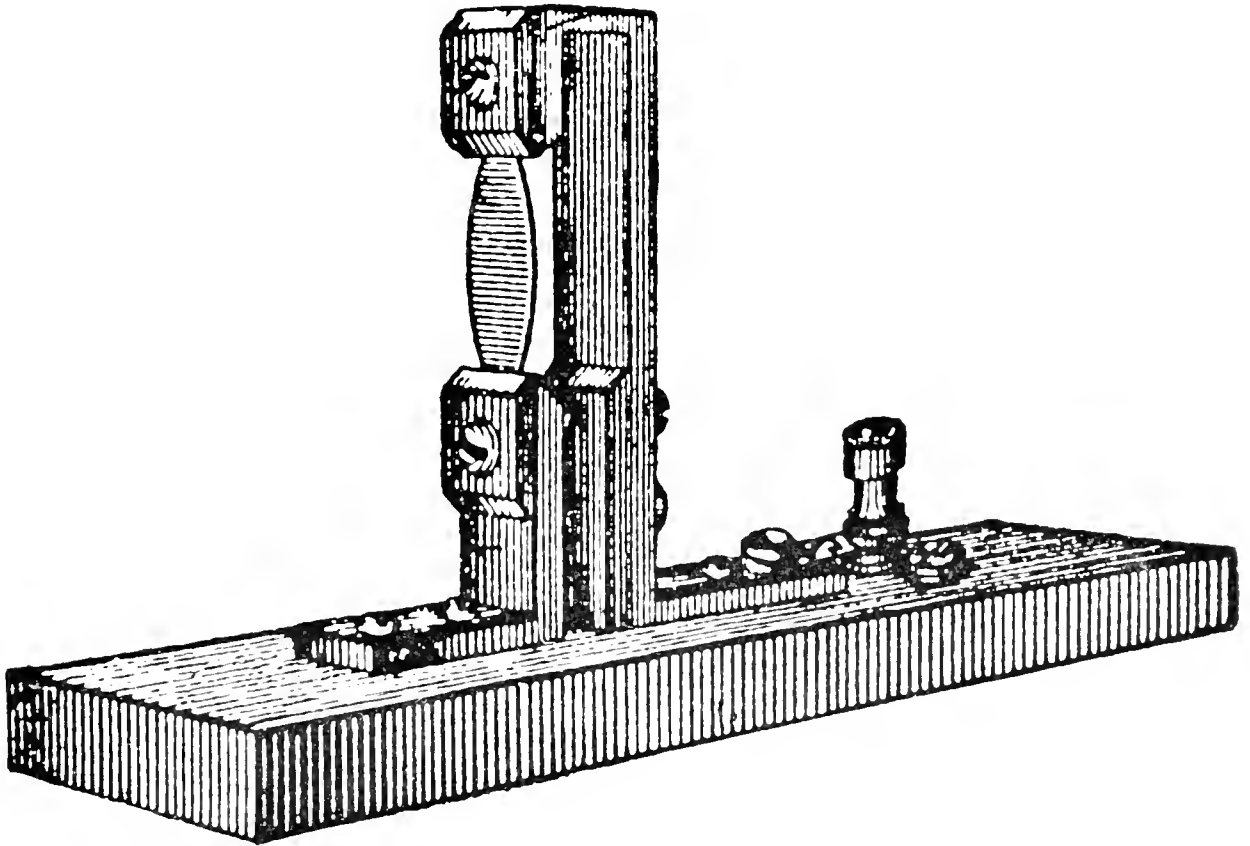
RECOLLECTIONS OF ELECTRIC LAMPS

Frank Poor, another school boy of the nineties, started in leather, the business of his father, changed to electricity, began to cobble lamps—that is, to put new filaments into burned out lamp bulbs.

Out of this came the Sylvania Electrical Products

Co. with its wonders of lamps, radio, radar and electronics.

Electric lamps were old in the nineties. They



MOSES FARMER'S INCANDESCENT LAMP, 1859

illuminated factories, stores and houses. The streets had been lighted by electricity since 1881, in which year they were turned on just before Christmas.

Some said "the lamps are a Christmas present" while others called them "witch lamps," which title

is apt to "modern witchcraft" as electricity often is called.

When Col. David Mason, experimenting with electricity, struck sparks in a public demonstration in 1771, some folks called him a wizard.

Moses Farmer lighted an incandescent lamp in his house on Pearl street in 1859, and Mrs. Farmer exclaimed that "it was the first electric lamp in all the land."

People came from miles around to look at the new wonder. Mr. Farmer said that as soon as he could get a battery big enough he would light every room in the house by electricity.

Ralph Browne, another school boy of the nineties, experimented with electricity, and soon he invented X-ray apparatus which performed the amazing feat of taking pictures of the bones inside the body. He later invented the mine that blockaded the German navy during the first World War. But that's a story for another day.

John J. Brophy, a school boy of a few years later, experimented with electricity, and soon he "by wireless ignited the tar barrels stacked on Witch hill to make a fire for the celebration of Fourth of July."

Later, he explained radio to Salem folks who bought radio sets, like Atwater-Kents—and to in-

genious men and boys who built sets in the kitchen, or down cellar. That was in the years when radio fans stayed up until mid-night "to bring in Havana, or Montreal, or Los Angeles," the notion being that radio waves darted through the air with less interference in the middle of the night.

HENRY M. BATCHELDER'S EXPERIENCE

Henry M. Batchelder bought a radio, and "listened in." He was president of the Merchants Bank, and he knew of the business of electricity.

He telephoned to The Boston Globe a story of Bell's demonstration of his telephone in Lyceum hall in Salem in 1877, and that, 'tis said, was the first story that ever was sent to a newspaper. It was printed with detailed accuracy, too.

Earlier, Mr. Batchelder knew Bell as he experimented with his telephone, speaking messages over the telegraph wires from the B. & M. railroad station in Salem.

Later Mr. Batchelder joined with others in building an electrical power station. This station supplied power for the first street lamps, and it charged Mr. Benson's electric runabout, and Mr. Browne's X-ray apparatus, and motors in factories, and in kitchens too.

So much for "modern witchcraft" in old Salem. One or two elders may recollect the electric belts that a few men wore—the vendors promising that the belts would charge up the system with electricity. Others may recollect getting charged up with electricity from the medical battery. Mr. Walker had a public battery at the Willows. His charge was five cents a charge even if six boys and girls joined hands they got a charge of modern witchcraft.

TIME IN TOWN HOUSE SQUARE

As Told by "The Guide"

See the clock on the Salem Savings bank. It's a clock electrical, of "modern witchcraft." A public clock by which one and all may tell the time of day, or night.

Few had watches in their pockets, or clocks in their houses, when the bank was started in 1818. They told time by the sun, the master time keeper, They worked from sun up to sun down, and when the sun was on the sill of the south kitchen window it was time for dinner.

Hawthorne walked in to this square, as did you and I. He drank a rill from The Town Pump, looked up, and exclaimed "Noon by the clock in the church steeple."

For 100 years the story has been read and now by those who look at a watch on the wrist, or listen to the radio signal.

John Endicott lived 300 years ago by Town House square, set up a sun dial before his house and it was the first public time keeper mechanical in the colony. Naumkeag, the Indian looked at it, and said he told time by the sun as did his fathers before him. Rev. Hugh Peters looked at it, and remarked that Isaiah of old told time by "the lengthening shadow." The scholar looked at it, and quoted Macbeth who said—

"Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time."

Now the dial is in The Essex Institute. It tells the hour as truly as it did when John Endicott set it up 300 years ago. But he didn't look at it often. He didn't have to punch the time clock as do moderns.

The minister had a sand glass on the pulpit of the First church which was built in Town House square 300 years ago. When its sands had run 60 minutes, he stopped preaching unless he turned the glass and went on with the sermon. It's different now. Sermons have changed. So have ministers. So have

people who go to church and people who stay home. But Old Father Time hasn't yet traded in his hour glass for a wrist watch.

" 'T is here, 't is gone, 't is come again," said the wit as he contemplated the fast flying minute.

CAPT. JOHN BERTRAM, MERCHANT

Most everybody of the nineties knew stories of John Bertram, and many knew him, and talked with him, and not the least among them was the blind beggar who held the merchant to be his best friend.

John Bertram came here as a youth to seek his fortune. He came from the Isle of France, started as a seaman and, when his ship was captured by a British man of war, he spoke his native language, and his captors let him go, saying that he must be French and not a Yankee.

Later, the name of John Bertram was "as good as gold" at the Bank of England.

Bertram rose from seaman to master and next to owner, and then a merchant of high enterprise. He sailed ships to Argentine and they brought back hides to be made into leather for shoes for people to wear. He brought up crude rubber from Brazil, started a rubber goods factory and was a pioneer in the rub-

be age. He sent ships to California with supplies for the gold seekers of 1849. The voyage around stormy Cape Horn, was of 100 days and more.

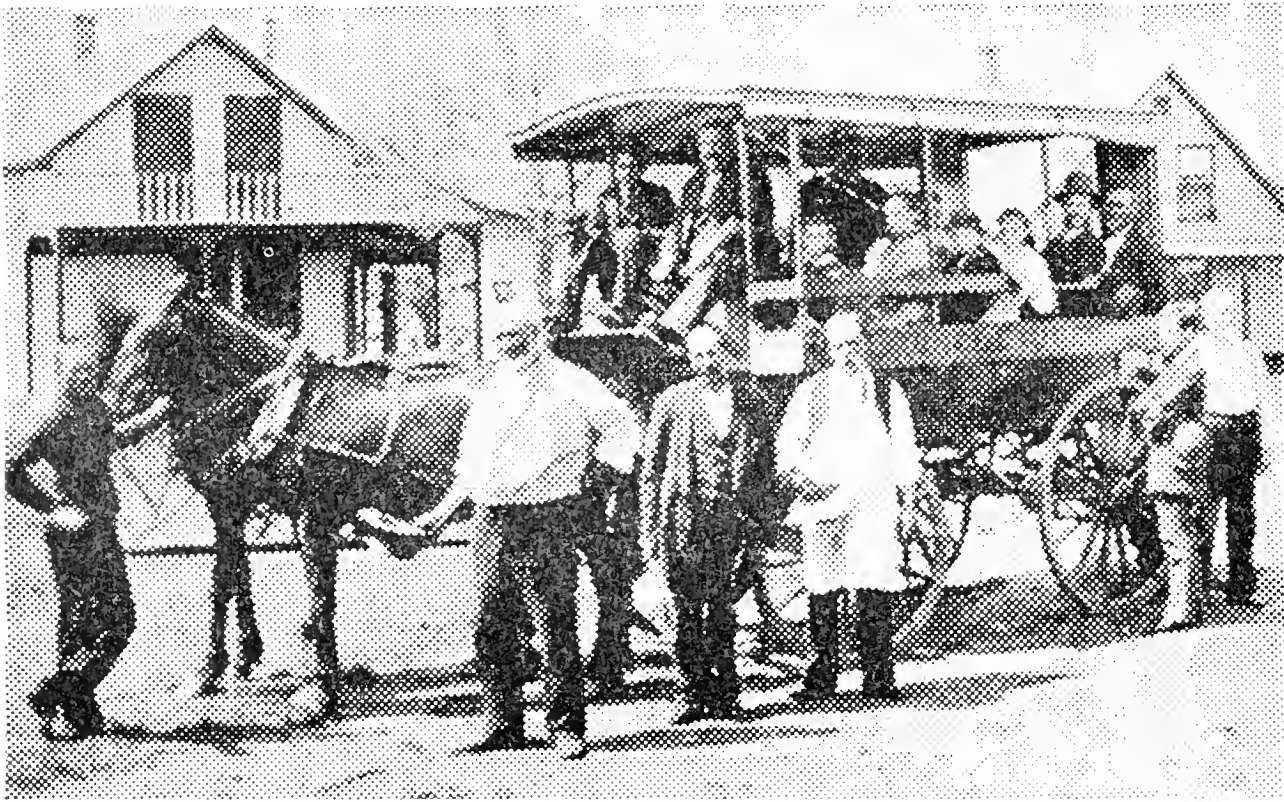
To Africa he sent ships with American manufactured goods, and the vessels brought back raw materials to keep factories going.

By trade over seas he gained wealth—and a portion of his wealth he invested in the building of railroads to the west, to bring wheat east as well as to carry tools west, to be used in building a great nation. Of the wealth that he gained in trade over sea and land he gave to churches, homes, the hospital and the library.

If a book you take from the Bertram library remember that it is a symbol of John Bertram who came from the Isle of Jersey to this nation of free enterprise.

THE BARGE RIDE

In the good old summer time of the easy going nineties "Uncle Joe" Peterson drove his barge from the depot to the Willows.



He gave the reins to the horses, and let them jog along while he chatted with riders.

He hauled them up on the hill tops, and the equines rested while "Uncle Joe" and passengers viewed sea and shore.

A pleasant restful ride on a summer afternoon. The fare was but a nickel.

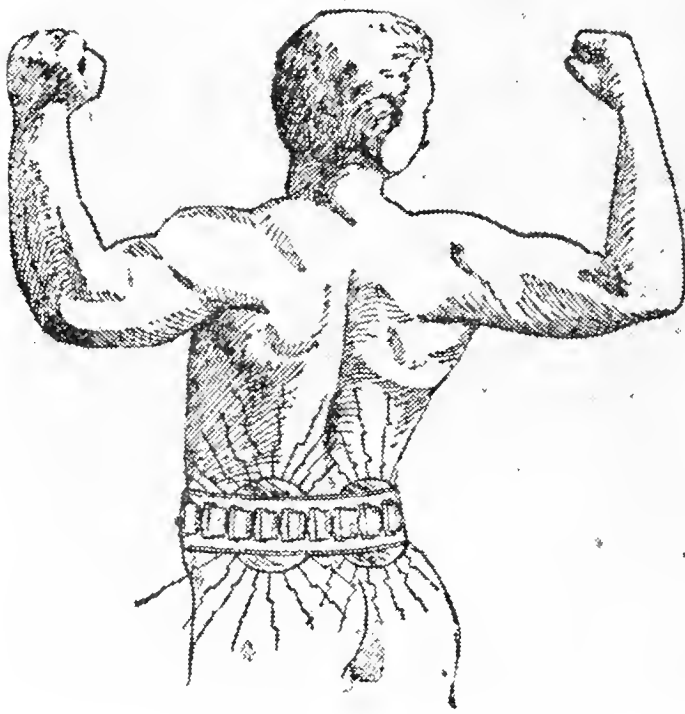
“Alack and Alack! The good old days are no more” exclaimed Cyrus, the Commentator, after he leaped from before an auto to the safety of the sidewalk.

ELECTRIC MEDICINE

Dr. George Percy first practised homoeopathic medicine, and next gave electrical treatments. The waves from his apparatus occasionally interfered with wireless sets of the neighborhood.

Dr. Edward Burbeck started with electrical treatments, and next turned to familiar prescriptions to be filled by the apothecary. Dr. George Z. Goodell, after some years of prescribing powders and pills, added electric medicine, and in his age he gave his “vibration apparatus” to the laboratory of the High School, so that students in the science class could experiment with electricity. Charles S. Dennis, magnetic healer, treated the lame, halt and blind for 30 years and more, occasionally free in public places, and usually at his offices in “The Legal Corridor” of the Kinsman block on Washington street. He treated by applying his hands to his patient. He

had some electric power within him, being one of those persons who could snap his fingers and strike a spark to light the gas. Earlier magnetic healers were credited with "working miracles."



THE ELECTRIC BELT

Advertised by a Salem Apothecary.

Dr. Bentley, in his diary, tells of an effort to revive a drowned sailor by the power of electricity soon after 1800. His friend, Dr. Edward A. Holyoke, founder of the Massachusetts Medical Society, contemplated the possibilities of electric medicine.

Some men, of the nineties, wore electric belts to charge up the system, and invigorate the body. An ordinary belt of leather, with copper and zinc plates attached to it, cost about \$5 at the drug store. A custom made belt cost \$25. Some bought two of them, wore one, and sent the other to the battery station to be re-charged. Others took "Electric Bitters" which were among the patent medicines much advertised, and a few tried the Kneipp prescription (Kneipp was a German doctor) and walked barefooted on the dewy grass of early morn to pick up earth currents of electricity.

Now research engineers of Sylvania work with physicians to apply waves of electricity to the improvement of health, while men of science strive to discover the relation of electricity to the human mind.

Where do thoughts come from? What is the medium of thought transference which some speak of as telepathy? What's hypnotism? What's mind reading? Why a dull idea, or no idea at all, in one hour, and the next minute a bright idea?

"Read the records—and mark the course of things. Learn of what we are—and where we are."

OLD SALEM SCRAP BOOK

No. 7

Some Salem Stories *of the*
Past Fifty Years Or So

FRED A. GANNON

The Big Snow of 1898
Rights for Women
Joshua Grant, The Yankee Shop Keeper
W. T. Grant, The Chain Store Man
The Free Public Market
Puzzles Arithmetical
Miscellanea



*"Of the things we've seen, and heard tell about,
the past 40 years or so."*

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TIME AND CHANGE

What changes have we seen, old timers, as the city's clock have ticked off the past 50 years or so!

What's the why and wherefore of them? What's the gain? What's the loss?

Con these recollections. Add a few of your own. Think them over and judge as you may—If the good old days were better than these.

WHAT OF THE WEATHER?

The weather seems to be getting milder, does it not?

Remember the big storm of 1898. On Thanksgiving eve snow drifted up nine feet high before the door of the Salem Five Cents Savings bank.

"What a big deposit at the bank," exclaimed the policeman on the street." And then he added—"Something to remember and to tell to the grandchildren."

The wind, of gale power, tore schooners from anchorage in Salem harbor and tossed them on to the rocks. The waves swallowed the steamship "Portland" in Massachusetts Bay.

One schooner was blown so far inland that "Tom" Gorman, the building mover, raised it on rollers and hauled it back to Salem harbor.

The city was storm bound. Traffic halted. Cars of food were tied up on sidings. Some folks bought as much bread and meat as they could get at the stores so they wouldn't go hungry.

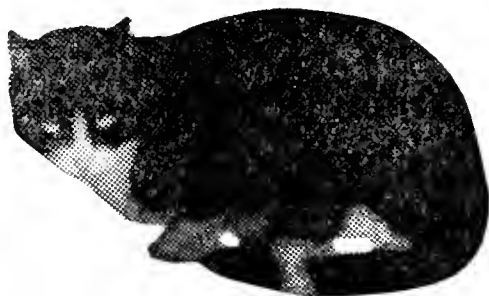
Alvah Bradstreet, the milk man, hitched extra horses to his pung, and managed to drive through the drifts and delivered milk to families who had small children.

"Dave" Cook, street commissioner, called on all good citizens to grab their shovels and help to shovel out the city.

The climate seems to be changing, does it not? Is the warm gulf stream moving closer to our cold shore?

Who now goes sliding down hill on Thanksgiving Day—or skating, or to ride in a sleigh? And a lot of folks wear summer under clothes the year round.

However, as says "Old Nestor," "The weather is always with us. We couldn't get along without it."



Sambo! Asked each morning—what the weather is going to be today?

“WOMEN’S RIGHTS”

At the start of the century Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods, leader of the new women’s clubs, foretold that women would get the vote.

A few days later Salem temperance societies sent hatchets to Carrie Nation, the Kansas crusader, who was smashing up rum shops with her hatchet.

Twelve years later, the Central Labor Union called citizens to Ames Hall to consider “women’s rights.” Sylvia Pankhurst told of them. She was the daughter of Emmeline Pankhurst, the militant suffragette, who chained herself to a post in the House of Commons and spoke for votes for women.

A few years later, and in the stress of the first World War, women gained the right to vote, and to run for office the same as men. Some went to war, as army nurses, Red Cross workers and so on—others went to work taking the place of men in the munitions shops.

George P. Lord, of Salem Commercial school, asked who was the first girl to take short hand notes and type them out in an office, and learned that the first stenographer was a man. In the same period, ministers began to omit the word “obey” from the marriage service.

“EMANCIPATED” AS SOME SAID

And women began to bob their hair, and men were afraid they would be crowded out of familiar chairs in barber shops. “Freddy” DiDonato, the barber, started a “tonsonial parlor” with chairs for ladies and gentlemen. Soon after appeared the beauty parlors to amplify the charms of daughters of Eve.

“Modern females” started to smoke cigarettes and to invade the smoking cars on trains to Boston to the consternation of old fashioned businessmen who liked to smoke a cigar as they read the morning paper.

The cynics said that women who smoked began to look like men, and later a lot of them dressed like men, also to drive autos like men. And they went swimming and skiing.

Some said that if women got the vote they would clean up politics, like they cleaned house in the spring. Time shows, does it not, that politics continue as they are, and housekeeping as it is?

“BATTERED YEARS”

We started this century with song and cheer, and high hopes of peace and prosperity.

As the new year (1901) came, the chimes of old St. Peter’s church played “Holy! Holy! Holy”—And the forecasters foretold abundance and serenity, and a gentle glide along the stream of time. But

the years brought us three World Wars, also—high costs of living, high crime waves, high taxes, high blood pressure, and high nervous tension.

Cyrus, the Cynic remarks—“What a wreckage of battered years to pass on to the youngsters.”

STORES ARE DIFFERENT

Stores have changed. So have goods, also store keepers and the ways of customers.

In the nineties, not long gone, “Billy” Grant lived at the Y.M.C.A., and sold shoes in Almy’s store.

In the leisure of evening he talked of men, goods and stores with “the hall room boys” as youth who lived at the Y.M.C.A. were called—and from the talks he got an idea of a store of a new sort.

Soon he opened a W. T. Grant store to sell articles at fixed prices—and now the W. T. Grant stores, 500 and more of them, sell millions of articles daily, and Mr. Grant manages them from his offices in New York.

He had degrees from colleges, lectures in school of business administration, belongs to the American Academy of Political Science, asks about what people are saying and doing and needing, and so on for the study of human nature, which is the basis of store keeping.

THE YANKEE SHOP KEEPER

Joshua B. Grant, who kept a shop in old Blubber Hollow, was one of those Yankee mechanics who



JOSHUA B. GRANT

“could turn his hand to most anything” as the old folks used to say.

In 1849, he packed up his kit of tools, and sailed for California, the voyage around stormy Cape Horn

being of 153 days. Now Jet planes shoot across the continent in four hours of so.

He unpacked his kit, and made tables and tools for miners. But he didn't like the rough life, nor the climate, nor the prospect and so he shipped as steward on a coaster, got off at Panama, walked across the Isthmus and took a ship for Salem.

Back in the home town again, he once more unpacked his kit of tools and in a shop in Blubber Hollow he made tables and tools for tanners. He kept at this task for near 40 years and then, machinery appearing in the tanneries, and hand tools no longer wanted, he shut up shop and retired to his farm in Ipswich and there lived pleasantly until he was four score and more.

His clerk, and fellow mechanic, Frank Wade, also retired to his farm in Ipswich and there, by the records, "farmed, fished, hunted and skated at 90."

It seems that some old timers learned how to live long years and keep themselves busy, does it not?

Joshua made a few goods by hand, and sold them on the premises to customers who were friends and neighbors. He was an independent shop keeper.

"Billy" Grant sells millions of goods, machine made, to millions of people of the nation, and Susan, the thrifty shopper, says she likes to go to Grant's

store to shop for what she wants, and to have a cup of coffee.

What a change in stores in the last 50 years or so? What think you of it?

THE FUNERAL MARCH

Hon. David M. Little, mayor in 1900, and Col. John W. Hart, city marshal, marched at the head of the funeral procession of William Neville, policeman. Comrades of the police, and friends and neighbors—to the number of 400, marched after them. They marched from the Neville home to St. James' Church and thence to St. Mary's cemetery, near three miles, to the beat of the muffled drum as beaten by J. D. Hanscom of the Second Corps of Cadet. As they passed men along the sidewalk raised their hats and some offered a silent prayer. It was according to an old Salem custom which passed with the coming of the auto.

PRESIDENTS IN OLD SALEM

Who remembers William Howard Taft riding around in the back seat of a big touring car? Children waved to him, and the President beamed a cheery smile. Some men mistook him for just an ordinary jolly good fellow.

Mrs. Taft shopped in Salem stores. Moustakis Bros. made Salem chocolates for the first lady. Young Robert Taft sailed a dory about Salem harbor, and learned of the sea and its wonders. He is now Senator from Ohio, making history. The rowing machine, of the Y.M.C.A. "gym" was moved to "The Summer White House," on the seashore, and on it the President exercised to keep down his weight—300 lbs., or so.

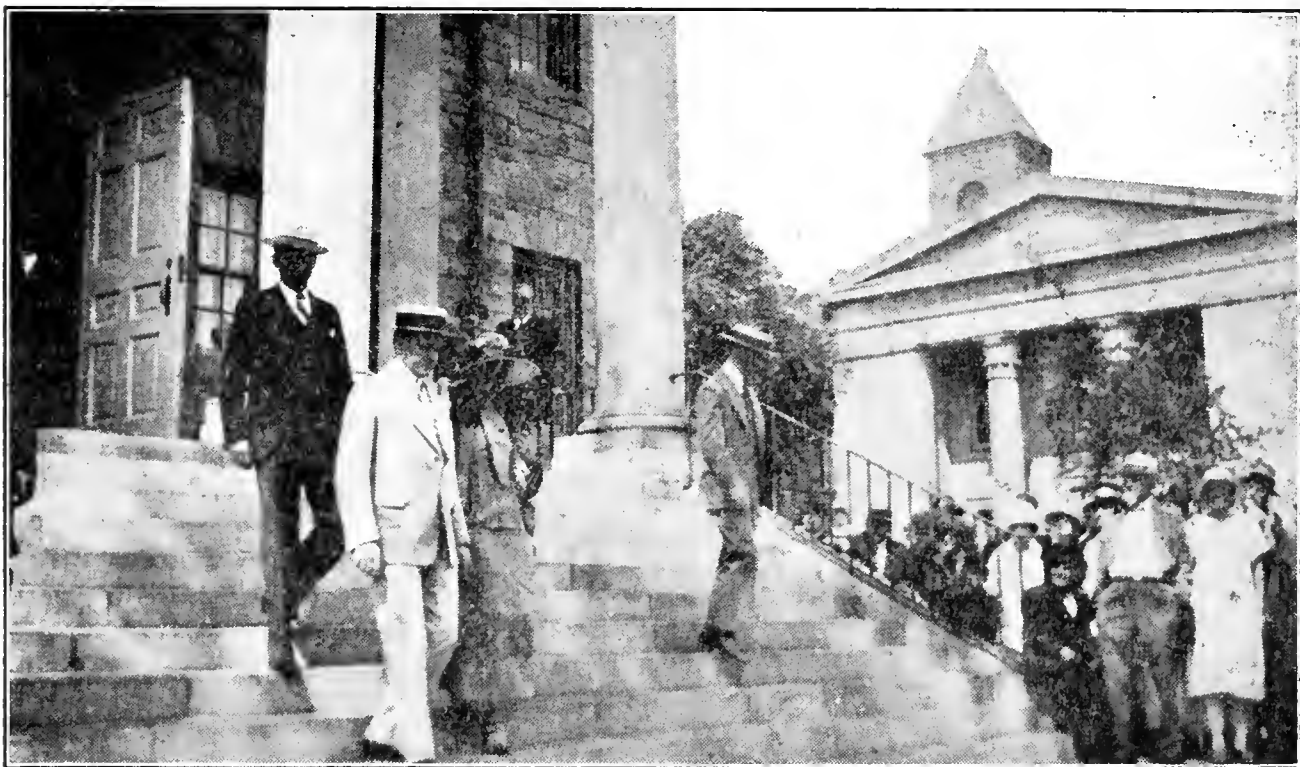
President Taft dedicated, in The Essex Institute, Oct. 4, 1912, the tablet in memory of the First Heavy Artillery, and 102 veterans of the Regiment, of Civil War service, cheered him, and so did thousands of citizens. A few years later the Salem Artillery fought in France, Col. Frank S. Perkins commanding. As a youth he drilled with the Second Corps of Cadets, of first muster in 1786.

Calvin Coolidge and family sat in "The President's Pew" in the Tabernacle church Sunday mornings in summer. They stopped to talk with the minister as they came from church. Col. Starling, from Kentucky, escorted them to an automobile, and a policeman of Salem watched and so did a lot of people.

Mrs. Coolidge asked ladies of the church to "The Summer White House" in Swampscott. Sometimes

she knitted as she rode to Salem in an auto to buy some yarn. One day she stopped to talk with a deaf and dumb man whom she taught when he was a boy.

President Coolidge went to the picnic of reporters at Ralph Bauer's summer home at Lake Attitash.



He talked with political friends of the years when he was Governor, and with men who volunteered for public service when the Boston police force went out on strike. The incident opened his way to Washington as President of the nation.

One afternoon President Coolidge walked thoughtfully through Pioneers' Village and said "It is a wholesome lesson in American history."

President Coolidge "put up the minister" at the White House, according to an old Yankee custom, when the pastor of the Tabernacle church went to Washington for a meeting of clergymen. "Joe" Simon, chairman of the Republican city committee, called at the White House each time he went to Washington, and the President asked him for news of Salem friends.

"Teddy" Roosevelt came to Salem in Harvard college years. He married the daughter of a Salem family. Later, "The Rough Rider," as "Teddy" was called, came to Salem as leader of the "Bull Moose" party. Citizens gathered in Town House Square at nine o'clock in the morning to hear him speak. S. Howard Donnell, "the rising young lawyer, introduced "Teddy" as "the matchless friend of the common people."

Franklin D. Roosevelt rode in an open auto into the drill shed of the State Armory, and there was cheered by citizens. Later, when he came to Salem as President, he was guarded by secret service men, and policemen of Salem kept a vigilant watch. Earlier, and in Harvard college years, Mr. Roosevelt

came to Salem for social visits. Willard Helburn, the tanner, was his classmate at Harvard and visited him in the White House.

Washington rode on horseback into Town House Square and William Northey, Quaker, and chairman of the selectmen, said "Friend Washington, we greet thee"—and then Washington rode to the Pickering house on Broad St. and talked with his comrade of the Revolution, Col. Timothy Pickering, and next day, Washington and Pickering, escorted by friends, all on horseback, rode to Beverly to see the cotton mill that Mr. Cabot had built.

Of other presidents in Salem, some remarks another day as they may add to the fame of the city and its part in the life of the nation.

"THE ROUSTIGUOCHE SOCIETY"

Sir David Razor, editor of The Barber Shop Journal, proclaimed himself as—"Grand secretary to the Worshipful Association of Free and Accepted Barbers, Shaver to his Venerability the Deputy Scribe of the Ancient & Honorable Roustigouche Society, Branch No. 174; Weatherwise General to his own family and neighborhood; Story Teller, Guesser, Observer of Men and Manners, Joke

Cracker, Sleeve Laugher, etc. etc. etc.” So wrote a keen blade of lather and literature, perhaps as a satire of “joiners,” as many who joined many clubs or lodges were called, or, perhaps to display the wit of the barber shops.

Miss Harriet Silvester Tapley found it in the newspaper of 1808, and included it in “Salem Imprints” of 1928.

PUZZLES IN ARITHMETIC

Making out income tax returns muddles the mind of many a man, and the relief from the high nervous tension is to hire an expert.

But it may be that tax returns would be easy to elders of old Salem who were raised of the arithmetic book that was written by Daniel B. Hagar, master of the Normal school.

Here are a few—would you like to exercise the mental faculties on a few of them? Here they are:—

A man spent $\frac{3}{8}$ of his money one day, $\frac{3}{4}$ of $\frac{1}{5}$ of it the next, and had left \$3,887. How much money did he have at first?

A grocer paid \$586.50 for apples, paying \$2.25 a

barrel for 124 barrels and \$3.75 for the remainder. How many barrels did he buy?

If 18 men can dig a trench 30 yards long in 24 days by working 8 hours a day, how many men can dig a trench 60 yards long in 64 days by working six hours a day?

For those who like to sit before a fire place and meditate and, now and then, do a little reckoning, there's this—"I've a range, 50 feet long, of fire wood cut four feet long. When such wood is worth \$6 a cord, how high must the range be piled to be worth \$52.50?

MILITARY TRAINING

Youth now (1951) is called to military training. It was so in the early years. "The Court ordered (in 1645) that youths, of from ten to sixteen years, shall be trained on muster day in the use of small guns and pikes and, also, bows and arrows, lest the colony shall be destitute of powder."

And to provide for powder every man was required to make it, and turn some of it in to the town powder house.

Old "Powder House lane," a way to an early arsenal, is now a road to the Bertram athletic field.

SOLDIER AT HOME AND OVER SEAS

Arthur T. Dalton drilled with the Second Corps of Cadets in school boy days, enlisted in the U. S. Army as a private, and 50 years ago was commissioned a lieutenant. He was sworn in by his father, Col. J. Frank Dalton, once commander of the Second Cadets, a veteran of the Civil War.

Lieut. Dalton went to the war in the Philippines, While in camp, he taught a Filippino boy, his orderly, to sing Salem songs. Later Lieut. Dalton was at army posts in Alaska, and he taught military science in colleges.

He came back to the home town as Lt. Col. Arthur T. Dalton, U. S. A.

DOCTOR IN THE ARCTIC

Leo Davidoff studied in Salem schools, also in medical colleges, and 25 years ago he went with Macmillan to the Arctic, and from the ice floes he sent by ship's radio messages to friends in Salem. He carried Parker Bros. games, and showed the Esquimaux how to play them. So Salem games up towards the North Pole to brighten the long winter night.

Dr. Davidoff is now a brain surgeon in New York.

VANITY AND VIRTUE

“How vain the laws by man ordained
If virtue’s laws be unsustained.”

The lines from the note book of a lawyer, old school. Horace wrote them 2,000 years before.

THE POWER TO RESIST

Philip Little, the artist, sometimes asked his young friends to “Remember the fate of the man who could resist everything but temptation.”

THE LAY PREACHER’S TEXT

Dr. William Strangman, preaching in the First Unitarian Church for the layman’s service of 1925, took for his text—“Where as ye know not what shall be on the morrow.”

THE SIMPLE FAITH

A man of four score, walking along Essex street in 1910, said to his friend—“When the Lord needs a good mechanic he will send for me.”

MODERN IMPROVEMENT

“Save for a rainy day” that’s what the old folks used to say.

The modern improvement is—“To spend as you go and, when comes the rainy day, borrow an umbrella.”

“A LOT OF HARD WORK”

“Every enterprise, you must learn,
Is a little bit of soil.
A little bit of water.
A little bit of thought
And a lot of hard work.”

That's from a farmer's book of the nineties.

THE WITTY LEGAL MAN

“Joe” Quinn, lawyer, was trying a case when an officer told him his coat had been stolen. He said—
“I’ve before lost a suit but this is the first time I’ve lost a coat in court.”

Later, as Judge Quinn, of the superior court, he occasionally brightened the tedious course of law with his wit and humor.

“EIGHT BELLS”

Capt. Entwisle, city clerk in the nineties, and earlier master of a ship sailing the Pacific, ended a story that he told to the Marine society with this—
“And now this watch is about over. It’s time for eight bells to strike, and to bring these rambling yarns to an end.”

THE FREE PUBLIC MARKET

In the nineties, farmers brought potatoes, cabbages, and chickens to market, and sold them from their wagons. And fishermen brought the cod, cunners and lobsters they caught in the harbor. They



FREE PUBLIC MARKET, 1817

sold their goods directly to consumers, who paid prices as agreed upon after bargaining.

And buyers carried home their goods in a market basket, or, perhaps a meal sack or a bundle handkerchief.

Prices weren't fixed. Goods were packaged. Some shoppers got a Sunday dinner for \$1.

In the early auto age, some drivers wished the market place to be made in to a parking space.

But the lawyers said that Mr. Derby, a merchant of old Salem gave his house and garden to the town for a market place, and if any other use were made of the land the property would revert to the Derby heirs.

Open markets, like this Derby market, are public parks of trade-institutions ancient that measure common progress.

First settlers brought public markets from old England. Bagdad had its bazaars in public streets, and so did Babylon. Ancient India, also China, has its open markets older than history.

Chicago has its cattle market, New York its stock markets. And the frontier it's trading posts. All are of world's trade.

Capt. Derby sent his ships to trade in open markets of the world. Salem shoppers today go to Derby market to buy a basket of food.

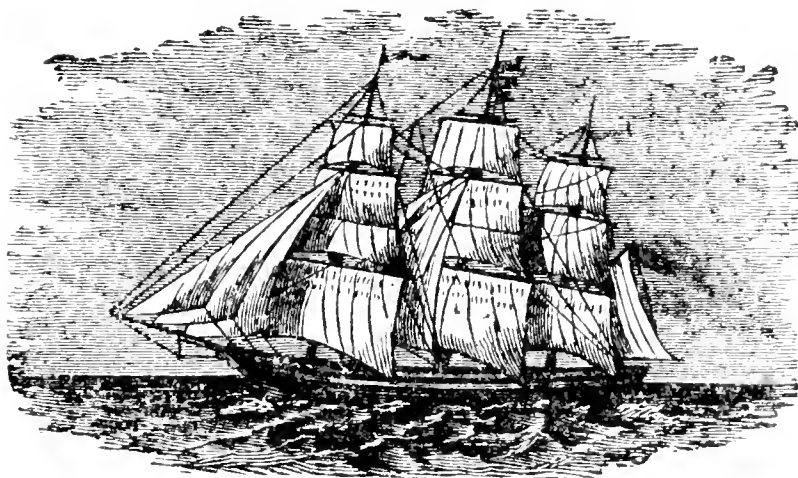


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No. 8

FRED A. GANNON

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A Game of Checkers
The Water Finder
A Man is a Riddle
The Good Old Circus Days



*"In Memory's Bark We Glide
To Visit Scenes Our Boyhood Knew."*

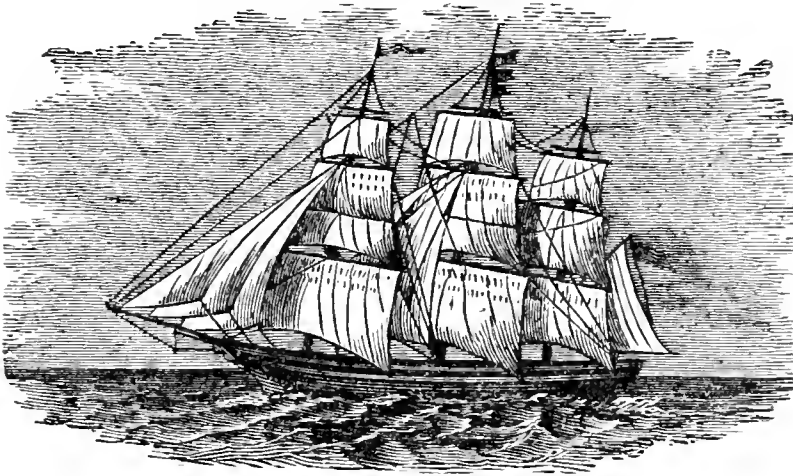
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THE OLD HOSE HOUSE IN BLUBBER HOLLOW

Rally around again, old timers. We'll roll back the years, and tell tales of the good old days.

Youth has its fancies and its flings. Sixty or so likes its twice told stories its time tested friends.

THE GOOD OLD FIRE FIGHTING DAYS

First, a story by "The Old Spark" who has seen, and had a part in the change from hose reels to motor pumpers.

"Fire! Fire! Where's the fire?" That was the cry from Buffum's Corner to Vinegar Hill and beyond when the bell in the tower of the J. A. Lord house clanged its alarm.

Men in lime stained overalls ran from the tanneries to the fire house, and got out the hose reel. Big boys got hold of the ropes and helped to pull the machine.

Swiftly was the hose coupled to the hydrant, the line laid and the water turned on to the fire fiend. Sometimes spectators got "ducked" when the nozzle men turned the stream too far to the right or left.

After the blaze was put out, firemen hauled the reel back to its house, hung up the hose to dry, and polished up the reel spic and span again.

Capt. "Al" Lord returned to his tannery nearby. Men went back to work in the leather shops. In

the evening they gathered again in the hose house, and talked over the day's fight with the flames, like golfers talking over the game on the club house piazza.

A SPAN OF 175 YEARS AND MORE

How many years—"the expectation of life," as says the insurance agent?

Here's a tale told by a veteran of the first World War:

"I knew Elisha Faxon, a son of the Revolution. I took my small son to see him. Later, the son went to the second World War.

"So you have a span from 'The Sword of Bunker Hill' to the atom bomb, or the years of our nation.

"James Faxon, father of Elisha, was at the battle of Bunker Hill when he was eleven years old. He fought on and, after the war was won, he farmed and taught school.

"Elisha, son of James, was a mechanic and a musician. He liked to walk in the woods, to work in his garden, and to talk with young people. These, you know, are means to longevity.

"Elisha here lived until Washington's birthday of 1921. His years were 89. The span of years for the soldier of the Revolution, the son of the Revolution, and the World War veterans is 175 and more."

A GAME OF CHECKERS

Next, a picture of a game of checkers in John Maguire's grocery. The players, Mr. Maguire, the grocer, and "Will" Horton, editor of "The Gazette."

The store cat seems more curious about the camera



A GAME OF CHECKERS

than the checkers. Or did the animal pose for a photograph?

The game quiet and peaceful—easier on the nerves, also the purse, than golf and other modern sports.

Checkers were played in ancient Persia. They're mentioned in Sanskrit records.

The picture was taken in the nineties, perhaps with a \$5 Kodak. A pretty good specimen of amateur photography, is it not?

FINDING WATER WITH A FORKED STICK

Next, a story of "gifts," or the knack of doing things which men have by nature. J. Foster Smith told it. "The Yarn Spinner" was he called. He spun yarns at Naumkeag mills by day, and spun other yarns in the evening to entertain friends. He told this one:

"We needed more water at our farm in Topsfield. So I asked Frank Cook, our mill engineer, to find some water with a forked stick.

"We went to the farm. Frank got a forked stick from a tree, walked about the meadow and soon the stick dipped, and he said—'Dig here and you'll get plenty of water.'

"I had my doubts about the forked stick. How-

ever, we dug, and got plenty of water, as he said. And seeing is believing, as the boys used to say.

"I asked Frank to let me try the stick, which he did. But never a bit did it dip until Frank put his hands over mine, and then it dipped so sharp that it hurt my hands to hold on to it.

"I surmised that it was magnetic electricity in Frank which made the stick dip. What of this think you followers of Ben Franklin and Thomas Edison?"

"Some men have much electricity in them. Others do not," remarked a physician.

"How is it," asked the school master. "that some men get ideas and others don't?"

"A MAN IS A RIDDLE"

Next, a story by the man of law. He told it thus:

"In law school, the teacher said one day—'Go ahead and fill up your heads with statutes and precepts, burn the midnight oil over books, if you wish. But, remember, never good lawyers will you be, unless you learn of human nature.'

"I took the advice, and practised law in office, court, city hall, store, club, and on the street corner.

"And I've learned that the piece of human nature called man is a riddle beyond explanation, calculation or prediction."

LITTLE OLD TANNERY

A few elders recollect this tannery of old Blubber Hollow. Its men worked out of doors, and in fair weather only. The shop shut down in winter.



LITTLE OLD TANNERY

Workers turned to other trades, or just loafed, living was that easy. They were rugged men, and long lived. Working with the muscles (and not with

machine) strengthened the body. The sun shine and air was good for the health. And the smell of tan bark was good for the lungs.

The day's work was from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. But there was no haste to it. The men took their time to get things done, and, now and then, stopped to rest and talk. The man of the tall hat was owner and boss.

RAINS 366 DAYS EACH YEAR

Next, "Andy" Dunk's story of Scotch weather, also Scotch thrift:—

"Bad weather today" said a senior of the Morning Coffee group. All agreed, excepting "Andy" Dunk, the Scot. He said:—

"We've more rain in my native land. In one small town it rains 366 days each year."

"How do you get 366 days in each year?" exclaimed The Salem Skeptic.

"The Scots are thrifty," you know, replied "Andy." "They save a day now and then, and use it when they need it."

WALKING FOR LONGEVITY

Next, a story by the bank man, active at three score and more:—



DR. EDWARD A. HOLYOKE

“I recollect men of the sturdy nineties who walked home to dinner to get up an appetite, and walked back to the office to aid the digestion.

“It was an old Salem custom to walk much for exercise, also to see what was going on, or to hear about it from friends met along the way.

“This custom, I suppose, began with Dr. Edward A. Holyoke, who was a prodigious pedestrian. He reckoned that, in his 60 years and more of active practise, he walked a distance equivalent to seven times around the world, and he said that the exercise added to his longevity.

“On his centennial day, he walked to a dinner in his honor, and proposed a toast to the Massachusetts Medical Society, of which he was a founder.

“He was also a founder of the Salem Savings Bank in 1818, became its president at 90 and continued in office until he was 100 years old.”

WHAT'S THE MILEAGE

The school master added to the bank man's story this comment:—

“When I went to school, we had this problem from Dr. Hagar's Arithmetic—

“‘In walking from one town to another a man took 29,700 steps, each of 2 ft., 8 in. How many miles did he walk?’

“Boys who were good at figures got the answer in a jiffy. Now, when is asked what's the mileage, the boy in the auto looks at the speedometer.”

AT SIXTY OR SO

“Old Foggy,” a peppery cynic, pens this peppery doggerel—

Got to be sixty or so—
Thought I knew a thing or two—
Soon found out that a dozen or more,
Many of them mere youths and toddlers,
Try to tell me what to eat, what to wear—
What to read, and how to comb my hair.
Also, how to spend my money —
And yet more, some try to tell me
What to say, and what to think,
And how to vote, and how to fish,
As if a man at sixty or so didn't
Know a thing or two.

THE GOOD OLD CIRCUS DAYS

Next, a story of circus days. “Old Ben,” bright and breezy, tells it thus:—

When the circus came to town, I got up before four and went to the freight yard to see the trains come in, and the elephants, the tigers and the giraffes get off the cars. Next, I walked a mile or so to the circus grounds, and watched the canvas crew raise the tents. It was like a magician waving his wand and raising a tented city. And the cooks fried bacon

and eggs, and baked biscuits, for the circus breakfast.

Once, I helped to bring buckets of water to the elephants, and for it got a free pass, so I didn't have to crawl under the tent to see the show.

Next, I went home to breakfast, and then back to town to see the grand street parade of Roman chariots, clown bands, acrobats riding on top of big red and gold wagons, and polar bears and monkeys and other animals inside cages—And what a thrill when a man on horseback came along and shouted—

“Hold your horses, the elephants are coming.”

The steam caliope, at the end of the procession whistled out tunes that were heard for blocks.

“In the afternoon I went to the big show and saw ‘The Wild Man of Borneo,’ and ‘Jumbo, The Biggest Elephant On Earth,’ and fed peanuts to the monkeys, and watched the men on the flying trapezes. Some were ladies.

“So many acts going on in three rings that one couldn't see them all. However we boys talked them over next day, and some of us tried to do circus feats on the old tan bed.

“When The Wild West show came we saw Buffalo Bill and the cowboys ride to the rescue of the stage coach and drive off the Indians, and saw Annie Oak-

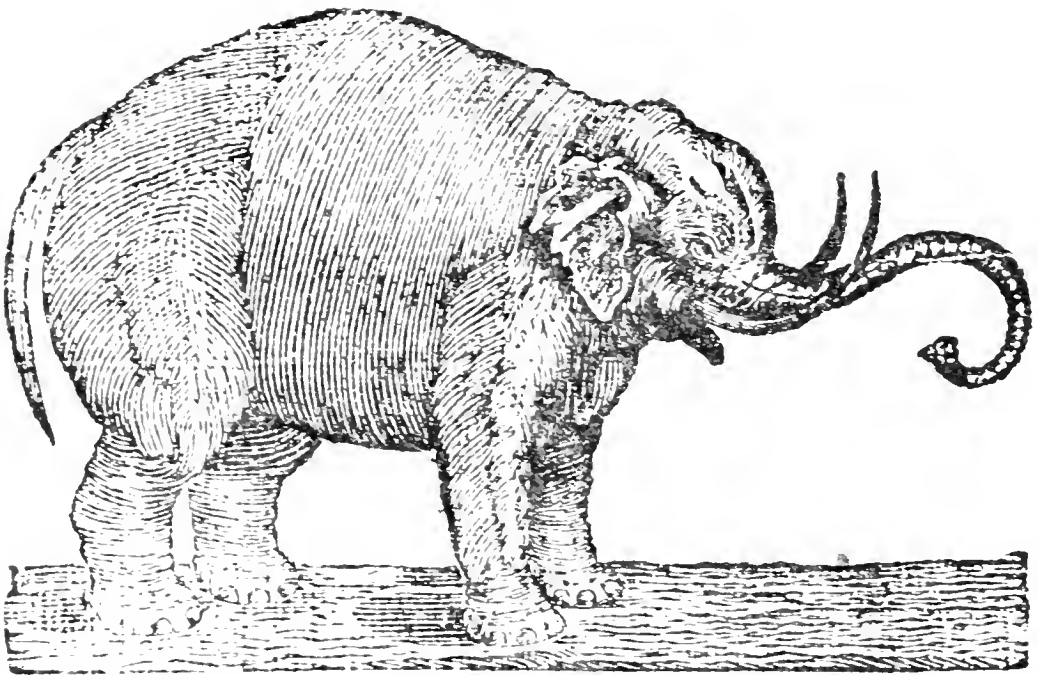
ley shoot and shatter glass balls tossed in the air, and the cowboy ride bucking bronchoes.

"Some of us talked about going west and growing up with the country. A few did.

"We learned a lot when the circus came to town. But, Alack and Alas, the good old circus days are no more, and P. T. Barnum is scarcely a memory. What a loss to the rising generation!"

THE FIRST ELEPHANT

Capt. Jacob Crowninshield brought from Bengal to Salem an elephant in 1797. "The first elephant



THE FIRST ELEPHANT IN SALEM

exhibited in America." People flocked to see the wonder like people later flocked to P. T. Barnum's "Greatest Show On Earth."

The picture from a broadside of 1797 in The Essex Institute. The artist may have exaggerated the contour of the creature.

The elephant, said the broadside, "is the most respectable animal in the world. In size he surpasses all other terrestrial creatures; and by his intelligence makes as near an approach to man as matter can approach spirit."

NO SMOKING IN PUBLIC

The General Court, in 1648 ordered—"No person shall take tobacco publicly, nor privately in his own house, or the house of another,—and no two shall take tobacco anywhere together."

RESERVED SEATS

"Mr. Lawrence is appointed to sit in ye fore gallery, where he usually sitteth.

"His wife is to sit in ye fore pew where her mother was formerly placed." — First Church records of 1676.

THE DEPUTY'S GOOD NIGHT

William Waite Oliver, deputy collector of the port of Salem, who lived near 100 years, took two long walks one Sunday of 1802, and wrote in his diary—

“Arrived at my haven of earthly rest at half past ten, and committed myself to the arms of Morpheus and to the care of a gracious God.”

THE PACE

Old Father Time jogs along at steady pace as measured by his sand glass.

Jack and Jill now rush along to beat the clock—and to have a gay time.

And old timers watch and think upon the passing show.

CHANGES OF YEARS

From hitching posts to parking meters—

From wash tubs to laundry machinery

From candle lights to electric lamps—

From wood stoves to gas burners

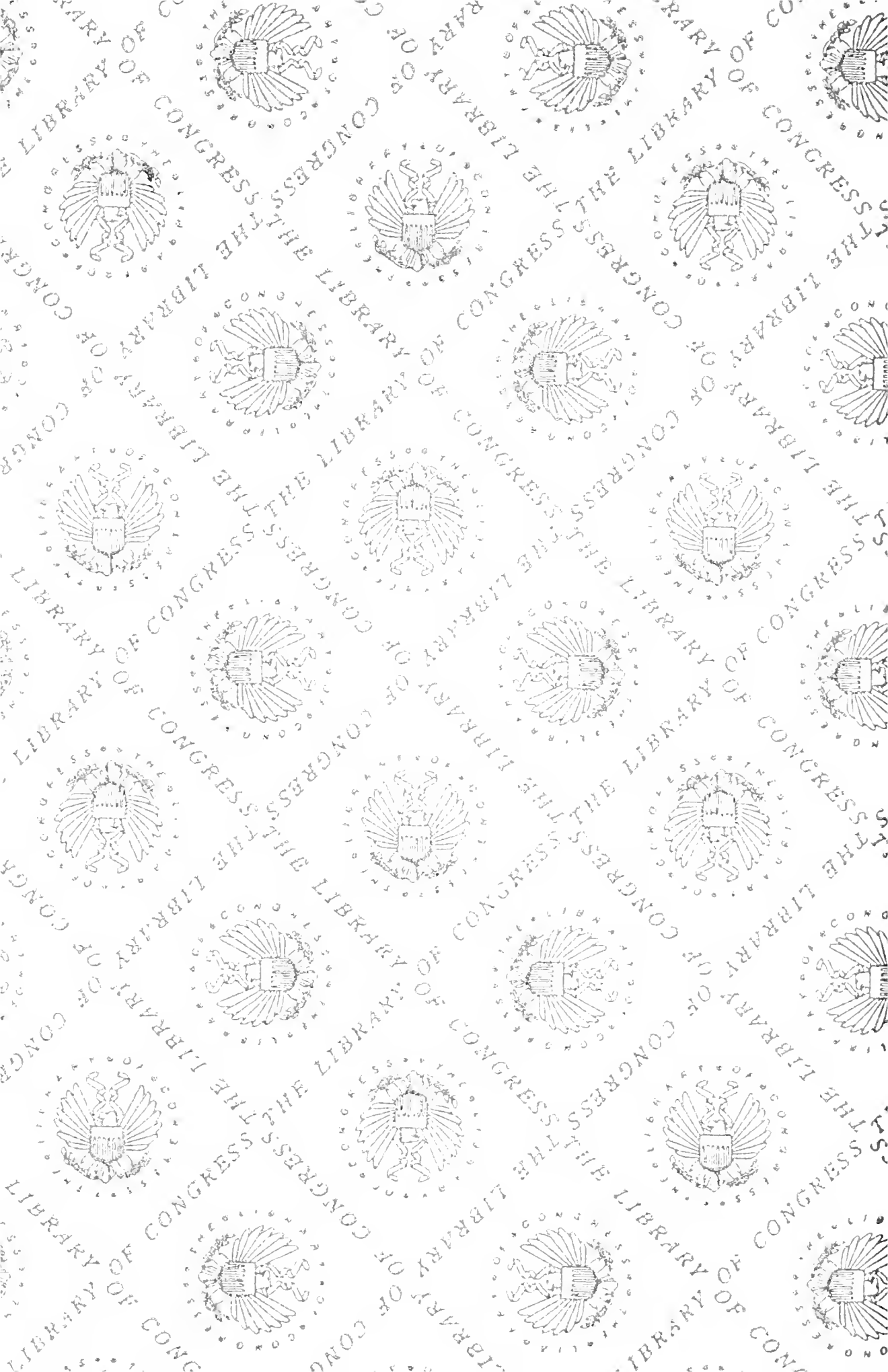
From home cooked foods to meals in cans.

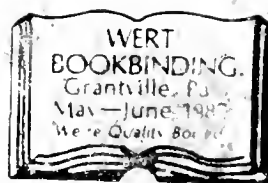
These, and other changes, are within the years of elders now active.

Tell them over again to time tested friends, and such of youth as may listen.

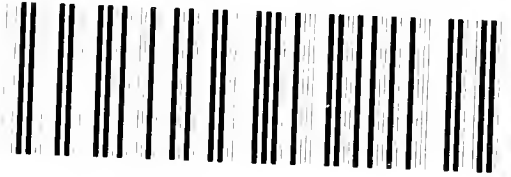
More another day, may be.







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